

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VI.

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Number 35.

## "IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

[ACT II—SCENE II CONTINUED.]

STEPHANO. I know not who he is; but if again  
The scoundrel crosses me he'll learn the taste  
Of shot and powder. You men, watch your  
Chance to end this slippery business. *Shoot the Prince!*

CERANO. I understand you, captain.

STEPHANO. (To the Bandits.)

Meantime,

Be ready for an adventure. Ruisco  
Left but a moment since. He counts on you.

ALL. We are on hand!

LUCIO. No fear. Our blades are keen.

SCENE III.

Bay of Ischia.

(BANQUO alone, with both hands to his ears as if frightened  
nearly to death.)

BANQUO. (Trembling.)

I have my senses left—but oh, my stars,  
I don't see how it happened! Never man  
Lived through such fright as I have just escaped.  
Having my brains blown out, and like as not  
Won't get a cent of money from those knaves!  
How sad to think there is no honest way  
For people to make money! Had there been,  
I would avoid these troubles. As it is,  
My need of money may yet cost my life.  
I know not what to do, except to hide;  
For I could not endure another fright  
Like that among the robbers. Maybe, though,  
My troubles come because I have done wrong  
In stealing those two boys, heirs to the throne.  
I may have often treated them unkind,  
And now I get my pay for it. I'll go  
And find some lonely cavern, and will stay  
Till all this fright is over. I'll take  
A hermit's cowl, and keep me out of sight,  
And say my prayers, for fear I may be shot.  
Out on that old Ruisco! He it was  
Who first imposed upon my ignorance. 'Twas he  
Involved me in this trouble. Wicked wretch!

[Exit BANQUO.]

SCENE IV.

(VALERIO alone—Enter BAPTISTO, CECATO, SILVIO, PHIL-  
IPPO and MARCO.)

MARCO. Valerio, where's Genaro?

VALERIO. I don't know.

I cannot tell how he could get away  
Without my knowing, for I fell asleep

Lying beside him; but when I awoke  
I could not find him, hunting far and near.

CECATO. (Puzzled.)

Where can the boy have gone?

What shall we do?

BAPTISTO. Do! Why, go on to Naples to be sure.

SILVIO. What! go without Genaro!

BAPTISTO. Why, of course!

SILVIO. They'll think we have gone crazy!

BAPTISTO. No, indeed;

They'll take us for a set of honest boys.

PHILIPPO. But shall we dare to go with these old clothes  
Before the Court of Naples?

CECATO. Yes; or, if not,  
We'll turn them inside out to make  
Them clean. That's a grand invention!

BAPTISTO. Boys, I think

We should not make this fun. As to our clothes,  
We have no second suits, so must wear these.

But what we say is the important point.

Cecato, though, can talk just like Genaro:

Cecato must be speaker.

CECATO. (With an air of importance.)

That I will.

Now, if I had fine clothes— But never mind:  
I'll get a wig and whiskers, then my face  
Will be more dignified. Of course the king  
Will pay attention to what I say then.

BAPTISTO. What will you say?

CECATO. (Indignantly.) "Your majesty!" You goat,  
You think I don't know how they do at Court!

BAPTISTO. (Argumentatively.)

Why no, Cecato; but for all us boys

'Tis best to know when each one ought to speak.

CECATO. (About to leave.)

I'll go and get my whiskers and my wig—

Then I can do it better. (Exit.)

SILVIO. (Knowingly.) Cecato

Is really smart. He well knows what is what!

(Enter CECATO with wig and whiskers—All clap their hands  
in applause of his appearance.)

CECATO. Baptisto, you must stand at my right side;  
You, Silvio on my left; Philippo, you  
Stand close behind Baptisto. Marco, boy—  
Go stand by Silvio. Now do this way:

(All do as directed by CECATO.)

Stand strong on your left foot, your right foot out;  
Heads up, just like the soldiers.

VALERIO. May I not go to Court with all the rest?

CECATO. Oh yes, you birdie! You were quite forgot!

VALERIO. I want to find Genaro.

CECATO. Like enough

We'll meet him on the way. You shall stand here,

(Gives VALERIO a place in front of himself.)

I'll say: "Your Majesty: We shepherd boys  
Have something bad to tell"—(gesticulates.)

BAPTISTO. That is not nice.

Say something that will show we are afraid  
He will not listen.

CECATO. (Making a second effort.)

Well: "Your Majesty,  
We know that shepherd boys have little hope  
To gain an audience, yet well we know  
That loyal subjects must inform the king  
When wicked men conspire against the crown."

(All clap their hands in approval.)

SILVIO. Delightful! Genaro couldn't do better.  
Let's write it down, so that you won't forget.

CECATO. (While SILVIO writes.)

Baptisto, you must say that one of us  
Has overheard a very wicked plot.  
(Scratches his head.) 'Tis bad without Genaro—that's a fact!  
What were these fellows' names? I can't think.

BAPTISTO. The king will ask us questions by that time—  
And that will do.

(Eying CECATO.) Very grand! you look like my grandfather.

CECATO. Let us go. We have to save our kingdom.  
Boys, walk majestic! Boys, all walk like me!  
Keep step with me. Remember!

ALL. Yes, we will.

(All strut off the stage.—Martial music.)

END OF SECOND ACT.

### ACT THIRD.

#### SCENE I.

Royal Hall.

(KING FERDINAND, ALONZO, MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, PRINCE ALBERTO, MARINO, BEPPO, LINO, GUIDO, and VERDI.)

FERDINAND. Nobles and friends, we have for you to-day  
A most romantic pastime. All of you  
Have a prime part to play. I abdicate  
My crown, my throne, in favor of a joke.

MELCHIORE. An abdication, worthy Ferdinand,  
Whose merry heart is worth a world of prowess.

FERDINAND. (Gaily.)

Melchiore likes the diplomatic farce  
Of laughter and good cheer. Well, he is right:  
Rome once was saved by the cackling of the geese.

MELCHIORE. A joke, too, might save Naples, if in truth  
Naples were not secure from danger. Ah,  
A long-faced monarch should invite the plague,  
Invasion, conflagration, and ill-luck!  
Your jovial majesty, on the other hand,  
Spreads peace, content and plenty o'er the land.

ALBERTO. But what's the joke, my father?

FERDINAND. It is this:

In our excursion we by chance came near  
A fold of sheep, and lying on the ground  
Behold a shepherd in light slumber. Now,  
Mirth-loving Melchiore, with keen ears,  
Heard a low strain flow from the dreamer's lips:  
We all drew near to listen, and the boy  
Was chanting plaintively: "If I were a king."  
Melchiore laughed at this anomaly;  
But to amuse you, and give the swain  
A taste of royalty to meet his wish,  
We saw him fast asleep, then lifted him.

Most cautiously on a litter, and asleep  
Brought him to Naples. For three days to come  
He shall be king. My courtiers, act your part  
Gravely and seriously; make the youth believe  
You never knew a mandate but his own.

ORAZZO. Hold!

What, should he give preposterous orders?

MELCHIORE. (Laughing.) Then  
An insurrection! Meditate, my lords!  
What, should this joke end in an insurrection?

ALONZO. (Laughing.)

I should stand by to quell it. Give the joke,  
Your Majesty; we thank you for a joke.

FERDINAND. Whate'er this king commands shall be  
obeyed,  
As if I gave the order. Understand:  
Melchiore shall be master of the fun,  
And mystify the youth so he will think  
Himself transformed indeed—quite turned a king.

ALBERTO. To make him feel at home, some one should  
ring

Sweet little sheep-bells; then the lambs should bleat.

MELCHIORE. (Cressing ALBERTO.)

No, my young Prince; your scheme would break the  
charm,—

He would be still a shepherd.

FERDINAND. Ah, my child,  
Your plan would be too homelike. Everything  
Must be completely royal. Let each one  
Appear in regal robes of state.

VERDI. (Gleefully.)

'Twill be magnificent! Our lowest bows,  
Must greet the Shepherd King.

LINO. And, Guido, you  
Must stand to bear his train on the left.

GUIDO. (Dissatisfied.) I'd rather on the right—you on  
the left.

ALBERTO. But, Guido, Lino's place is on the right.

VERDI. Now, pageants, do not quarrel; or don't laugh,  
LINO. (Bursting into an inmoderate fit of laughter.)

I cannot help it. I'm sure I can't.

VERDI. We ought to have some story very droll,  
To make it seem that we but laughed at that.

ALBERTO. Why should you laugh? Laughter will  
spoil the joke.

VERDI. May be. If we can help, we won't. If not,  
I will pretend to stumble and fall down.

LINO. To fall would not be courtly.

VERDI. What of that!

Fancy that clown once reeling through the hall  
Like a schooner in a gale. Look here!

Those peasant boys walk this way:

(He mimics a peasant's walk.)

ALBERTO. No. Not all.

I saw one peasant who walked like a prince.

He did not walk as you walk.

VERDI. How walked he?

ALBERTO. Most graciously. As well as you or I.

FERDINAND. Delay not, Melchiore. Let us haste.  
See everything prepared. Do not forget  
That none shall say to me, "Your Majesty."  
Should they, I will not answer. Bear in mind!

MELCHIORE. I promise for the Court.

FERDINAND. Dispatch affairs,  
Or his recumbent highness will awake.

BEPPO. We have lost patience waiting.

VERDI. (*Laughing.*) That is true;  
But now we all are ready for the sport.

(*Ereunt gaily.—Music.*)

SUENE II.

Royal Reception Chamber.

(BOZZA and SERVANTS. *Enter MARINO, GUIDO, and LUPO, bringing GENARO, clothed in royal robes, on a litter.*)

BOZZA. He makes a pretty picture, and in truth  
Ceuld we but know the youthful peasant's dream  
It would be very marvellous.

LUPO. No doubt  
Of magic castles, and bright feathered birds,  
And beautiful gazelles, and flowers that speak.  
Oh! I have dreamed such dreams an hundred times.

BOZZA. But this poor youth should have been left  
To comfort parents who will mourn his loss at home.  
Think of the pangs they suffer! I must say  
King Ferdinand degrades his dignity.  
And will regret this folly. When we mock  
The poor and friendless we but curse ourselves,  
And shall receive rebuke. I feel ashamed,  
Old man as I am, joining in this farce,  
Though young, and old, we must obey the king.

MARINO. (*While they lay GENARO on a sofa.*)  
These robes lie graceful on him. If a prince  
He could not wear a more majestic smile.

BOZZA. (*Discovering the white lock in Genaro's hair.*)  
What does that mean? Marino, do you see? (*Points.*)

MARINO. I see the boy's head, Bozza. What of that?  
BOZZA. That lock of hair, white as a Greek's camice.

MARINO. (*Observing it closely.*) That is unusual!

BOZZA. (*With feeling.*) Were the queen alive,  
The lovely queen as gentle as a flower,  
And thoughtful as an angel; did she live,  
She would but love this youth for that white lock.

MARINO. He is indeed most comely; but that lock  
Adds nothing to his beauty in my eyes.

BOZZA. (*Speaking mysteriously.*)  
Speak not of that. I've seen the joy and grief—  
Within this palace for these twenty years  
I've seen the changes. They are sad enough.  
But I alone have memory of the griefs.

(*Enter MELCHIORE.*)

MELCHIORE. Have you the new king ready?

BOZZA. Ah! my lord  
Melchiore, in the Court—to which we look  
For gravity and truth.—I blush to see  
Proud noblemen descending to play jokes.  
The king ignores his danger; in his mirth  
Ignores the past, forgets that one day since  
The Prince escaped so narrowly from death.

MELCHIORE. For this we should make merry. Good  
old man!

Desist from gloomy words; and prompt obey  
The new king cheerfully. Bozza, depart!  
The shepherd youth is waking, and the scene  
Of his proud elevation must be cleared.

BOZZA. How totally degenerate the Court!  
A jest has cast a monarch from his throne,  
And made his royal diadem a toy  
To cheat an unoffending shepherd boy.

SCENE III.

(GENARO, arousing, and looking about.)

GENARO. How strange this place appears! I went to  
rest

Upon the greensward close beside the bay.  
I cannot be mistaken! Dreams cannot  
Steal semblance of the real so exact!  
This place is like a palace. This mild air  
Is glittering with a splendor fairer yet  
Than dreams can paint.

(*Enter MELCHIORE and LUPO.*)

MELCHIORE. Paying homage.)  
Your majesty, I pray

That you most graciously do condescend  
To make your orders known unto the Court.

GENARO. (*Rising to his feet.*)  
My orders, sir? I understand you not?  
I am not in command.

(*He makes demonstrations as if to assure himself of his  
identity.*)

MELCHIORE. (*Inclining more profoundly.*)  
Your majesty!

We are your courtiers true; you are our king.

GENARO. (*With dignity.*)  
I beg you, sir, do not impose on one  
Who ne'er has harmed you. Tell me where I am.

MELCHIORE. In your own palace, most benignant  
Prince.

GENARO. Mock me no more! Inform me who you are,  
And by what freak of fortune I am here.

MELCHIORE. Your royal highness, know you not your  
Court—

And your most loyal subjects? We await  
To execute your bidding. Pray, command!

GENARO. (*Frankly.*)  
In truth, good friends, I'm puzzled. Am I not  
Genaro, the poor shepherd? Where are those  
I love so well? Valerio, my brother,—  
Cecato and Baptista?—can you tell?—  
Where are those youths who tend the flocks with me?  
Explain this transformation!

MELCHIORE. In good faith,  
Your gracious highness maketh strange discourse  
Of persons you before have never named;  
No doubt they are the creatures of your dreams,  
And have no true existence.

GENARO. Gentle sir,  
Seek not to prove that I have grown insane.  
I am a shepherd lad: I watch the sheep  
Under a man named Banquo. Now our flock  
Feeds by the wave of Ischia. Pray, reveal  
The cause which brought me hither? for my friends,  
Though poor, are dear as though of royal blood.  
Deceive me then no more.

MELCHIORE. Upon my heart  
Your royal highness is at this good hour  
The mighty king of Naples. Sceptre and lands,  
Armies and castles, await your behest.  
But, gracious sovereign, as you seem disturbed,—  
A perturbation from unpleasant dreams,—  
We will depart, and at another time  
Come to receive your orders.

GENARO. Do you mean  
To leave me now to solve this painful doubt?

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THE account of the Base-Ball match between the Quick-steps and Tom Thumbs, though well written, is too long for mention in our short columns.

OUR thanks to the reporter of the Debate of last Tuesday evening. The report was handed in too late for publication this week, but will appear in full in our next issue.

WE were much pleased to meet with an old student of '60, Mr. George Gardner, who is now doing business in Hillsdale. He was in excellent health, and on his way East.

### "Adrift."

The readers of the AVE MARIA will be delighted to hear that in a week or two we shall begin publishing a new story, entitled "Adrift," written expressly for the AVE MARIA by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, whose charming style they have so often admired in the pages of our Blessed Mother's Journal. The scene is laid in the Eastern States, and will, we doubt not, prove highly interesting, as all of her stories in the AVE MARIA have hitherto done. We are happy to announce that this gifted writer devotes her pen almost exclusively to the AVE MARIA.

### Fly-Catches.

THE Debate was very good.

THE new fence has been painted.

THE orchard has been sowed in oats.

No more *soirées*; we hear, this session.

HAND-BALL flourishes most after supper.

CHAMPIONSHIP has perished; let it R. I. P.

BRO. JAMES has charge of the Apprentices.

We occasionally think of Summer even now.

THE recreation after supper is very pleasant.

CATCHING fly-ball is an amusement after supper.

HARD work still continues in the Classes. Good.

THE United Scientific Association has reorganized.

THE "purp." has not visited the College this Spring yet.

CAN a meal be squared? Yes, a great many can do this.

WALKS around the lake are pronounced very pleasant.

A Scientific Entertainment is said to be in preparation.

BRO. BONAVVENTURE has been very busy transplanting flowers.

THE Senior Baseballists have a *well* very handy; a little to the east of the Play-hall.

A good game of base-ball was played between two second nines; the score stood 8 to 9 in nine innings.

THE 1st of May not being a fine day, the students did not ask for recreation until the next day, when it was granted.

THERE would be less grumbling at umpires if some of our players better understood the game and rules of base-ball.

IF you hear anything, multiply it by two before you tell it; in this way a fine truthful (?) report may be easily started.

"THE EXCELSIORS" have not suffered a single defeat, and, we feel pretty confident, will not. But we don't mean to discourage.

BASE-BALL is the life of the recreation hours, and hence it is that we have so much to say about it, though we do get behind occasionally.

LINGUISTIC.—Some one observes that the corruption of the word "recreation" into "rec" is an exemplification of the phonetic changes that living languages are constantly undergoing—very slowly of course.

BASE BALL.—There are so many good games of ball nowadays that it is almost impossible for one to keep track of them all. But the games of this year have to make up in number what they lack in excellence when compared to those of last year.

THE WALKS which had been so well trodden down in the Seniors' front-yard have been changed and removed, so that now as we come out of the yard the walk has two branches—one leading towards the Study-hall, the other towards the Post-office. The front yard is beginning to look very tasty.

THE LAKES are much higher than they were, owing to the recent rains; in fact we never saw them so high. There does not seem to be much probability of their drying up for a few years yet. However, the fishermen do not have extra good luck, though they are patient and persevering. Several excursions have been made on the old pier.

THE WEATHER is becoming warmer, and apprizes us that June is near at hand. The Spring showers have nearly done, and we have become accustomed to fine weather. The fishermen continue their sport, but the nimrods have given up. The boats are much used, and the crews have long since commenced to practice. Of course "mibs" continue to roll.

BEING READ.—The Seniors have finished "Irving's Life of Washington," and are now listening to a very excellent work entitled "Getting on in the World,"—by Prof. Matthews of Chicago University. It is indeed a happy effort, and the finest work we have heard in our refectory for some time: written in a very pleasing, plain and pointed style, and tempered with just enough wit to render it interesting to listen to without becoming tired, and the subjects discussed are treated of in a manner remarkably clear and logical. Indeed the work speaks highly of the literary abilities of its author. It is generally well listened to by those present.

IT is seldom we have the pleasure of attending so really entertaining an exhibition of musical talent as it was our good fortune to be present at on the evening of the 27th ult. Notre Dame's musical star again appears ascendant. Some one said, in our hearing, that we were making a retrograde movement in the music line here at Notre Dame.

What does he, what can he say now, after listening to the "delicious floods of harmony" with which we were regaled on the evening in question? He can only echo the general verdict "that it was excellent," and that we are progressing instead of retrograding; in fact we are "coming in like old Dexter on a home stretch." If he would not be speaking classical English he would at least be telling the truth, and that is all we ask of anyone.

We will not weary our readers by following out the long programme in detail, but will simply mention those most deserving of praise. First, of course, comes the not to be too much praised N. D. U. Quartette. The Entertainment would have been worth attending if only to hear them. Little Tommy Hooley was the favorite of the evening, if the vociferous *encore* of which he was the recipient is any criterion. The soprani and alti of the Vocal Class certainly make a good appearance; their great improvement is apparent. The Junior Orchestra also greatly increased the enjoyment of the evening, but would have made a far better effect if *all* the instruments had been in tune. Messrs. C. Burger, J. Campbell, W. Ohlen, E. Ohmer, A. Schmidt, and H. Quan, all performed well, and added much to the success of the Entertainment.

Notre Dame affords superior advantages and holds out extra inducements to those desirous of pursuing a thorough musical course. In most of the institutions supported by the State, music is not taught, and in the others it is not made a specialty. The capacious building here, separated from the main building of the College, offers many advantages. Opportunities for the study of the organ, piano, string and wind instruments, harmony, etc., are given; and the numerous musical organizations, such as the Choir, Orchestra, Cornet Band, etc., give ample occasion to put into practice the instructions received in instrumental and vocal music.

### St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society.

The 9th regular meeting came off April 24th. At this meeting C. Burger presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected. Declamations were then delivered by T. McGee, W. Dexter, C. Reid, J. McIntyre. The 10th regular meeting was held May the 1st, at which the debate, *Resolved*, "That Base-Ball is better for Health than Boating," came off. Those who took part in it were Masters W. Dexter, C. Reid, J. McIntyre and A. Schmidt, on the affirmative; E. Holt, F. Weisenberger, J. Jepson, T. McGee, on the negative.

T. McGEE, Cor. Sec'y.

### The Columbians.

The 6th regular meeting was held April 29th. At this meeting Mr. Greening presented himself for membership, and after complying with the required conditions he was unanimously elected.

The Vice President then assumed the chair (the President and Promoter having been called away on important business to the Exhibition Hall,) and the regular exercises were continued in their usual order. The following read Essays and delivered Declamations: Messrs. J. Crumney, V. Baca, J. Schmidt, F. C. St. Aubin, L. Sanders, G. Crumney, P. Jacobs, J. Rofinot, J. Donnelly, W. D. Van't Woud, J. D. George, G. Tobin, L. Whittaker.

At the 7th regular meeting, held May 5th, the following deserve mention for Compositions and Declamations: Messrs. G. Crumney, L. Whittaker, J. Crumney, W. Gaar, W. Gavitt, J. Brennan, J. D. George.

(At the 5th regular meeting, held April 22nd, we omitted to mention the name of T. Flannigan, who presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected.)

A. A. ALLEN, Cor. Sec'y.

### Rural Happiness.

A country life is not all made up of sunshine and bliss. It is not, entirely, made up of those romantic pictures of love, happiness and innocence which poets delight to paint of it—pictures, the subjects of which are to be found only in the dreamy brains of poets themselves, and which are as visionary as was the belief in the existence of Hy-Brazil or Eldorado.

A country life is composed of stern realities. It has its clouds as well as its sunshine. In most cases, it requires a greater or less amount of manual labor. Yet, though it may have its clouds, there is always a certain quietness and innocence prevailing, which serve to dispel these clouds; and though it may require a certain amount of manual labor, this labor is always the promoter of sound health, without which life, even in *thiernan oge*, would not possess the least joy.

Most persons born in a town do not believe that there is the least pleasure or amusement to be had in a country life. In their eyes, life in the country is nothing more than a continual drudgery from morn till night—a life fit for slaves only. True, indeed, country people seldom have an opportunity of engaging in the debauches or revels to be found only in the city. They do not attend the masquerades nor frequent the brilliant ball-rooms which seem to possess such charms for city folks. But to persons born and reared in the country, the rural amusements in which they participate have more real pleasure connected with them, and are also far better adapted to physical and moral improvement than are those of the city. In no country, it may be almost truly said, are rural amusements indulged in to a less extent than in the United States; and as yet it could not be otherwise. The persons inhabiting the country districts live too far apart, and are too few in number, to indulge in those rural amusements which are to be found in European countries. The French peasantry, although not much given to rural sports, seem to enjoy as much real happiness as is to be found in any other country. The peasant, after his day's work is over, is to be found quietly enjoying his glass of wine and cigar under the shade of the trailing vines which encircle his neat cot. Here, surrounded by his family, he seems the very picture of happiness.

The peasantry of Italy are very much given to amusement. Who ever visited an Italian village on a summer's evening without experiencing a feeling of delight at beholding the inhabitants engaged in their innocent pastimes? Here and there are to be seen groups, some engaged in the dance, others singing the beautiful songs of their native land, and all seeming perfectly happy and contented.

No country in the world, perhaps, can compare with Ireland for its rural amusements. Here are to be found the manly sports, combined with the more gentle pastimes. Hurling, foot-ball and bowling are the favorite sports; and the com-

batants in these games, again, mingle in the dance with as little feeling of fatigue as though they were after playing a game of croquet. But Ireland at present cannot boast of so much rural amusement as in former days. The hand of the spoiler has been at work; and it may now be said, with Goldsmith, that "rural mirth and manners are no more." Her sturdy sons are driven from her shores, to seek that home in foreign lands which oppression has deprived them of in their native country, and though they may carry along with them that love of pleasure and mirth so characteristic of the Irish race, they can never again indulge in sports with the same ardor and gaiety as was their wont when in their own green Isle.

P. O'SULLIVAN.

### The National Bridge Hoax.

SOLD BY THE AMATEURS.

*The Southern Collegian* of March 8, conducted by some amateur young journalists of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, has published an account of quite a prodigy at the famous Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, of which Lexington is the county seat. The account represented that wonderful structure as slowly consuming, the writer suggesting that electricity was the cause, and calling upon Prof. Campbell, of the Lexington University, for an explanation. A note is then subjoined, purporting to come from Prof. Campbell, and signed by his name, in which he states that large fissures of the limestone of the bridge are filled with a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum, and gives chemical reasons for the combustion. The paper containing the story was sent to us carefully marked some time since, but we as carefully abstained from noticing it. Several rustic journals of Virginia and Maryland have been burned by the Natural Bridge conflagration, and it is still kept going in the Northern press. Without any courtesy to the authors of this nonsensical invention, we think that if they would employ themselves in pursuing the studies for which their parents sent them to college they would help the dignity of the new University at Lexington and their own usefulness, more than by manufacturing idle *canards*, and especially by fabricating the letter of a Professor in their institution, though if he can excuse such a liberty perhaps no one has a right to complain. We fear that when the truth reaches those credulous sensation-mongers of the Northern press who have been taken in by the hoax there will be some moral reflections on collegiate training in Lexington not altogether of a complimentary kind, accompanied, perhaps, by a hint that the "bridge" is not the only "natural" in that region, with an intimation that the authors of the hoax, in their effort to burn up the bridge, have not proved that they are able to set "the North River afire."—*Baltimore Sun.*

“Bob, why don’t you go to work, and not be such a vagabond?”

“What, work before breakfast?”

“Well, work after breakfast, then.”

“Pshaw, it is only a little while before dinner.”

“Work, then, between your breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper.”

“No; I read in a doctor book that it is unhealthy to work between meals.”

### Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, F. Buter, W. Briant, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, Valerio Baca, V. Baca, W. Bartlett, L. Burridge, G. Brown, J. Browne, J. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, B. Dorsey, J. Devine, F. Devoto, P. Deneney, C. and W. Dodge, T. Dundon, P. Downey, J. Egan, T. Flannagan, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foley, M. S. Foote, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Graves, D. and J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpin, J. Harrington, G. Hall, A. Hess, H. Hug, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, T. Keenan, J. Kelley, E. Kimm, P. Lilly, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, T. and J. Murphy, E. Monahan, J. McAlister, A. Mooney, J. D. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, P. Matamore, T. Noel, J. Ney, P. O’Meara, P. O’Connell, J. O’Brien, P. O’Mahony, P. O’Sullivan, F. Phelan, G. Ruger, J. Rosinot, E. Spitley, G. Stack, C. Spears, F. Scrafford, J. Scherer, G. Tobin, M. Torbett, J. Trimble, S. Valdez, W. Van’t Woud, C. Vinson, L. Watson, T. White, C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Geo. Amann, B. Baca, W. Ball, L. Busch, P. Brosseau, L. Best, C. Burger, M. Blake, C. Clarke, J. Devine, J. Dore, W. Dexter, J. Daly, H. Enneking, J. Ewing, C. Furer, F. Frazee, Geo. Gross, W. Gross, W. Green, J. Graham, E. Holt, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, J. Jepson, A. Kleine, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, L. Loser, B. LeFevre, W. Meyer, F. McOske, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, W. McMahon, S. McMahon, S. Marks, J. McGrath, E. Milburn, F. Miller, V. McKinnon, N. Mooney, J. McGinnis, L. Munn, D. O’Connell, E. Ohmer, C. O’Conner, W. Pollard, H. Quan, A. and C. Reid, W. Rumely, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, F. Sweger, H. Schaller, W. Schultheis, J. Shanahan, P. Schnurrer, N. Vannamee, S. Wise, O. Waterman, F. Weisenberger, F. Wittelsberger, H. Zuber.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Faxon, C. Faxon, F. Carlin, A. Koch, A. Wetherbee, T. Nelson, W. O’Hara, H. Dechan, J. O’Meara, A. Miller, J. Shannon, E. Raymond, T. Hooley, R. Haley, Lee Frazee, E. Cleary, C. Whitcomb, C. Walsh, C. McKinnon, J. McMahon, A. Baker.

J. F. EDWARDS, Secretary.

### Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873.

#### MODERN LANGUAGES AND FINE ARTS.

##### GERMAN.

H. Zeitler, M. Scherer, J. Ireland, J. B. Crummey, P. O’Meara, F. Phelan, G. Ruger, J. F. Burnham, A. J. Mooney, F. Scrafford, H. Randolph, E. Kimm, M. Bannon, E. J. Plummer, W. Van’t Woud, L. Burridge, H. Dulaney, W. Rumely, W. Schultheis, H. Zuber, H. Enneking, H. Schaller, A. Schmidt, L. Best, V. Hansen, A. B. Reid, C. V. Reid, J. Devine, J. McHugh, F. Miller, A. Kleine, G. Frauenknecht, C. Ruger, C. Hake, D. McAndrews, W. Ball,

J. Dore, W. Green, J. and S. Marks, P. Brosseau, J. Graham, W. Kinzie, H. Faxon, W. Pollard, J. Carmody, J. Wanbaugh, J. S. McNally, J. C. Nevin, T. J. Culliton, C. Nirdlinger, R. Golsen, H. Rinderer, N. J. Mooney, H. G. Bennett, S. Wooley, J. M. George, J. Minogue, W. Dexter, E. Holt, B. Casey, M. Casey, J. Hogan, F. Perll, A. Koch.

## FRENCH.

L. C. Watson, J. Rofinot, H. Hug, J. B. Begue, J. S. Dunn, C. Campeau, G. Gross, B. Le Fevre.

## DRAWING.

J. Schmidt, E. S. Monohan, W. Van't Woud, A. Horne, J. D. George, J. and G. Crummey, E. G. Graves, H. Hug, A. Schmidt, H. Nirdlinger, J. Lynch, L. Munn, L. Van't Woud, O. Waterman, E. Ohmer, Wm. Rumely, C. Hake, V. Hansen, L. Busch, F. Smyth, F. Bauer.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## PIANO.

W. Campbell, W. Schultheis, F. Perll, C. Ruger, J. Campbell, C. V. Reid, F. Miller, H. Schaller, H. Zuber, W. Breen, H. Quan, V. McKinnon, W. Ball, D. McAndrews, Valerio Baca, A. Kleine, J. Francis, W. Francis, A. Schmidt, J. Graham, J. McGinnis, W. Robinson, L. Watson, F. Smyth, D. O'Connell, J. Glennan, C. Campeau, V. Phelan, L. Busch, C. Nirdlinger, P. Lilly, C. Hake, E. Raymond.

## VIOLIN.

J. Brennan, F. Miller, W. Rumely, L. Van't Woud, E. Kimm, Joseph Schmidt, W. Kinzie, J. O'Connell, T. Culilton, S. McMahon, A. Hess, J. Lynch, W. Chapoton, J. D. McCormick, J. McHugh, J. Hogan, J. Hackett, L. Loser, J. Lambin, J. McGrath, T. Keenan, J. Drake.

FLUTE—E. Ohmer, W. Ohlen, W. Fletcher.

CLARIONET—G. Brown.

GUITAR—W. B. Torbett.

SAX HORN—A. Horne.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

## TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEP'T.) May 5, 1873.

Misses Katie Zell, M. Cochrane, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, B. Crowley, Lizzie King, M. Lange, Aline Todd, Lizzie Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, Rose Devoto, M. Brown, Rose M. Green, Mary Comer, Libbie Black, Nellie Langdon, M. Ward, Annie Lloyd, Mamie Prince, Ida Wilder, Bay Reynolds, M. Wicker, Lettie Ritchie, B. Grace, L. Daly, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, J. Locke, L. Dragoo, Esther Boyce, S. Shipley, J. Fanning, Amelia Keeline, A. T. Clarke, Laura Weinreich, A. St. Clair, Helen Foote, N. Heedy, Annie Reid, Mary A. Roberts, R. Woolman, L. Pfeiffer, C. Germain, Mary Quill, Katie Casey, Rose Rosesco, Ella Quinlan, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, S. Chenoweth, Mary White, Livinia Forrester, R. Marr, R. Klar, Juanna Valdez, R. Manzanares, Fannie Snouffer, Ella Drake, L. Lilly, Nora McMahon, M. Lyons, H. Miller, M. Black, M. Kane, Amelia Boser, A. Garies.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Senior Class—E. Plamondon, K. Young.

Second Division—L. Black, R. Spiers.

Second Class—A. Goldhardt, E. Quinlan, A. Todd.

Second Division—J. Noonan, M. Prince, B. Grace, L. West, T. Heckman, M. Lasson, D. Greene.

Third Class—A. Smith, N. Heedy, H. Foote, L. Beckman, M. Ward, A. Clarke, H. McMahon, I. Wilder, N. Gross, S. Shipley, A. Roberts, A. Reid.

Second Division—Mary Comer, M. Lange, M. Koch, Maggie Letourneau, K. Zell.

Fourth Class—Emma Ives, Mary McGuire, D. Simonds, A. Keeline, J. and M. Kearney, A. Shea, L. King, L. Daly.

Second Division—M. Corcoran, G. Kelly, L. Penniman.

Fifth Class—A. T. Clarke, E. Boyce, E. Haggerty, A. Stockton, B. Johnson, K. Finley, F. Snouffer, L. Tinsley.

Second Division—C. Walker, B. Booth, M. Faxon, T. Schulte.

Sixth Class—C. Lee, L. Lilly, K. Wickham, A. Paulsen, M. Hildreth.

Second Division—M. A. Roberts, A. and M. Walsh, E. Richardson.

Seventh Class—R. Klar, S. Chenoweth, M. Dillon, L. Niel.

Eighth Class—E. Lange, L. Walsh, B. Quan, N. O'Meara,

Ninth Class—E. Lappin, T. Cronin.

Tenth Class—L. Schuerle, F. Dee.

HARP—E. Plamondon, M. Wicker.

GUITAR—S. Shipley, L. Dragoo.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Lillie West.

Second Division—Mittie Ward, Rose Devoto, Mary Prince, Libbie Black, E. Haggerty.

Second Class—Mary Wicker, Alice Shea, Minnie Quan, J. Noonan, M. Langdon, Helen Foote.

Second Division—Lillie James, M. Letourneau, L. Beckman, Sarah Shipley, J. Locke, T. Heckman, A. Goldhart.

Third Class—L. Daly, M. and J. Kearney, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, N. McMahon, R. Marr, A. Reid, S. and C. Smith.

Second Division—K. Schmidt, M. Comer, A. Lloyd, B. Grace, S. Chenoweth, M. Kaisburg, N. McMahon.

## GERMAN.

First Class—Katie Zell, Mary Come, Louisa Pfeiffer, Libbie Black, L. Beckman, Marian Faxon.

Second Class—Laura Weinreich, Henrietta Miller, Katie Schmidt, Lonisa Schurle, Annie Garies, Amelia Boser.

Third Class—Alice Shea, B. Crowley, R. Marr, E. Richardson, A. Koch, R. Klarr, K. Hector.

## FRENCH.

First Class—N. Gross, J. and M. Kearney, M. Letourneau, L. West, L. Dent, Rose Spiers, Katie Haymond, Minnie Lange.

Second Class—M. Comer, A. Reid, A. Church, M. E. and A. Roberts, L. Tinsley, A. Lynch, M. Thompson, A. Todd, M. Lassen.

Third Class—Lizzie Niel, Mary Brown, Nellie Langdon, E. Haggerty, Ida Wilder, Lettie Ritchie.

## PLAIN SEWING.

Alice Shea, Katie Zell, M. Cochrane, B. Crowley, L. King, Aline Todd, Minnie Lange, K. Haymond, Rose Devoto, M. Brown, Rose M. Spiers, A. Lloyd, Ida Wilder, Bay Reynolds, Lettie Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, Agnes Church, L. Dragoo.

## TABLET OF HONOR, (JR. DEP'T.) May 6, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, M. Faxon, G. Kelly, B. Quan, A. Goldhardt, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Brown, M. Ewing, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, K. Schmidt, A. Noel, E. Lang, C. Walker, E. Jackson, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh and K. Bolton.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Second Senior Class—E. Richardson and A. Smith.

Third Senior Class—K. Joyce.

First Preparatory Class—L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, G. Kelly.

Second Preparatory Class—B. Quan, T. Schulte, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds and M. Ewing.

Third Preparatory Class—E. Orton and S. Lilly.

First Junior Class—N. O'Meara, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, K. Schmidt, T. Cronin, A. Noel, A. Burney, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, M. Booth, E. Lappin, M. DeLong, C. Walker, A. Koch and C. Smith.

Second Junior Class—A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, G. Hooley, D. Allen, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, M. Ware, S. Lynch, M. Kaesburg and K. Bolton.

Third Junior Class—A. and M. Green, F. Dee.

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"	9.35 a.m.	" "	10.15 a.m.
"	4.50 p.m.	" "	5.30 p.m.

### GOING NORTH.

Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	" "	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	" "	7.10 p.m.

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"	5.30 p.m.	" "	6.30 p.m.

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"	9.15 p.m.	" 1.35 p.m.
"	12.35 a.m.	" 5.30 p.m.
"	8.20 p.m.	Runs to Elkhart.
"	4.35 p.m.	

GOING WEST.		Arrive at Chicago
Leave South Bend	4.58 p.m.	8.20 p.m.
"	2.55 a.m.	" 6.50 a.m.
"	5.00 a.m.	" 8.20 a.m.
"	6.05 p.m.	" 9.40 p.m.
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"	8.20 a.m.	" 12.30 p.m.

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Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m. *4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m. *9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m. *4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m. *7:15 a.m.
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W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

\* Second day.